

Leaves
of
Green



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SUPERLATIVES

FRESHMAN - CLASS OF '77



Freshmen Initiation Song

I'm so homesick I could die.

How I miss Mom's apple pie!

ENC just makes me cry.

Oh I want to go home.

Never saw a room so small

Head and feet both touch the wall.

Crying voices in the hall,

Come and take me home.

When I left home things looked great -

Going where I'd meet my mate -

But now I never have a date

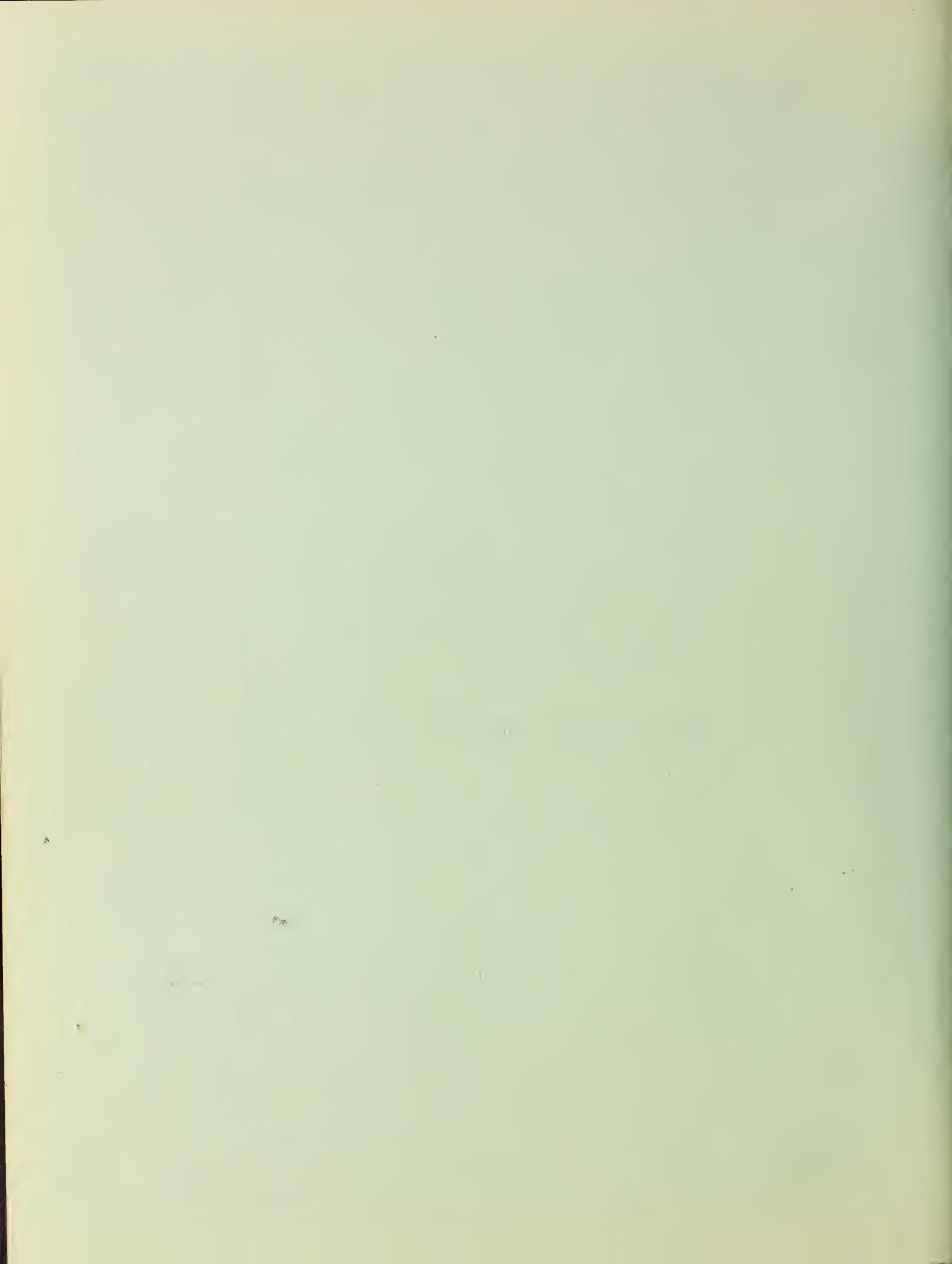
Let me please go home.

So you guys, we know you're sad

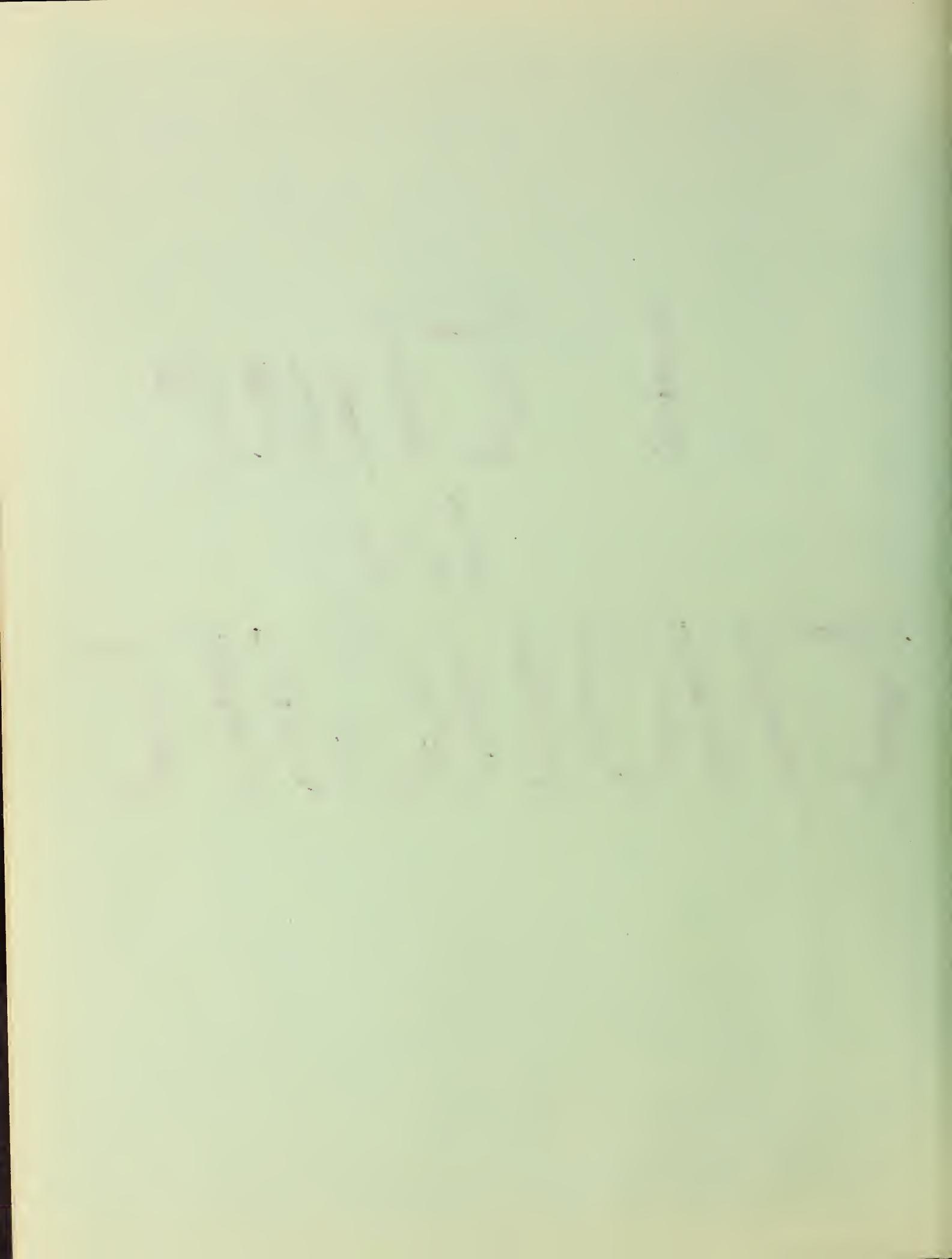
And you miss your Mom and Dad

ENC is not so bad,

It will be your home. Amen.



A Time
for
THOUGHT







Reflections From A Relationship

Sometimes I just want to run. Did you ever feel like you just wanted to run, and to run as hard as you could as long as you could? I guess it's the frustration of everything. I feel like I could just run, and scream, and do anything to let it all out. I want to let all the pain, and hurt, and frustration burst out of me! But instead I grit my teeth and scream inside. But then there are times whn I just can't help running and screaming, because screaming inside just makes me want to scream more.

* * * * *

You know, his biggest problem is himself.... but He can't see that. Ooooh, NO, it's his teachers, and parents, and me that make him so miserable! He never stops to think how miserable He makes me. I can't stand his two-sidedness! How can He be so loving one time, and hurt me so badly another? He always says it's my nerves that are to blame. If I wasn't so tense we'd get along just fine. But He's the one that's like a wound up rubber band, the way he snaps at me and

yells at me. He says he wants me to stop being so tense, but what he really means is he wants me to stop "pressuring" him. But he's so lazy!

* * * * *

I guess though, that running really doesn't solve anything. I mean... I feel better for a minute, but eventually I have to walk back and face whatever is making me run. And screaming just creates tension when you come back to face it. Like, for instance when She bugs me, which is often! She's always after me to do this and to do that, and when are you going to get this done? "You can't go through college sleeping in every morning." She's always singing her song about "irresponsibility", and why am I so lazy? What She can't see is that she's making us both a nervous wreck. She's ruining our whole relationship!... always go here and go there, and why this and why that! If she could just see, that the real problem isn't that I'm lazy... the real problem is that she's always got to be doing something. She's always worrying about what she's got to get done



next. She just keeps going on like that. She never stops long enough to relax and unwind. She's always so up-tight about everything that she's a nervous wreck! And she takes all that tension out on me by constantly nagging me. I guess the nagging is a symptom of her nerves. But she's her problem, not me.

* * * * *

He's always harping on my "nervous condition". Well, if I'm nervous it's because He makes me that way. He totally frustrates me in the way he does everything. Like the way he handles his money. All he does is spend, spend, spend! And what really drives me crazy is the way he spends my money. He has no concept of the value of money. All he does is blow it on junk that he says he "needs". But if I say anything to him about it, then I'm nagging again.

* * * * *

I guess what really bothers me the most is when She bugs me about my money. She always wants to know where my last pay check has gone. And If I have to borrow a little of her

money, she hits the ceiling. I'm thrifty with my money! She never stops to think about how much I spend on her, and that what money I spend on myself is only for things I need. I mean, it's not like I spend it just for the sake of blowing it. Oh... I don't know... I just feel like hanging-it-up sometimes. There's no end to it all. We go around and around, back and forth, both blaming each other. It usually ends with her saying, "What am I going to do with you?!" (Honestly, you'd think she was my mother!) So I usually say, "Give up, leave me, find someone else!..." But she never does.

* * * * *

I just wish He could see that the only reason I keep after him is that I love him. I want so much for Him to do well. I'm so proud of him, and he could be so good in everything, if he'd try a little bit harder. If he knew how much he means to me... I love him more than anything in the whole world. He's always looking out for me, and doing things for me... and he's so manly, and... well, he's just everything I've always dreamed of having in a man. And I guess, really, I do nag at him too much, and take out my frustrations on him.

Oh... why do I hurt and upset him so? I'm so foolish. I only hope he never gets sick of me and leaves me. I couldn't live without Him! Not after all the love we've shared, and the hard times we've faced together. I need him. Oh... I really love Him.

* * * * *

But if she ever did leave me, I don't know what I'd do. I guess I'd really go to pieces! I'd...man, I'd lose everything! I would, literally, have nothing to live for.....no goals..... no motivation... nothing!! I need her so much, that without her I'd drop out of college. I guess I don't know how to love her the way I should sometimes. I treat her so rotten... and usually I'm just taking all my frustrations out on her. I'm so stupid. Why is it we so often hurt the people we love the most? And I do. I really love her.

Paul Shelp

Susan Barkley Boden

Obviously hers is an old house. Unless one were to drive by at night and observe a faint light glowing through the cracks of shuttered windows, a natural assumption would be that the house is deserted.

Any child would take one look and classify it as haunted. It stands back from the road, surrounded by trees that seem to be reaching up from the ground as fingers to grasp it. The color, if one could call it that, is best described as a dingy gray, in various stages of peeling.

Dark green shutters are closed over the long windows, like stiff sentinels guarding against intruders. A veranda piled high with dilapidated furniture (or an antique dealer's treasures, whichever way you look at it) runs halfway around the first floor, on the west and south. Behind the house - a forest wilderness -- dense and thick, as a penthouse child would imagine it. The bearing of the house, its setting, the landscaping, all speak of a once immaculate estate.

However, time has affected a transformation for the worse.

More fascinating than this erstwhile mansion is its sole occupant, Susan Barkley Boden. Approaching eighty, she looks the part of the little old lady, short and frail. Her silky light gray hair is secured



with tortoise shell pins and a thin net to keep the least of her worries in place. The sturdy cane she now uses is a good grain of maple, darkly stained. The hand grasping the cane is clearly wrinkled, with protruding veins. Her right arm and hand, of which she makes a little use, is short and deformed, the tragic (I would say "tragic"; she would omit the word.) result of infantile paralysis in her youth. Mrs. Boden has a soft round face that smiles often. Her light blue eyes, that have battled glaucoma, still sparkle behind thick silver-rimmed lenses.

Many people wonder and can't understand why a senior citizen like Susan Boden continues to live alone in the country, away from city convenience and comfort. But her friends know why and don't question the wisdom of her choice. The explanation is simple, really. Mrs. Boden values sentiment and nature over safety and ease. Her country home represents cherished memories, treasured dreams, the "for better or for worse" experiences shared with her deceased Chase. These she can't bear to leave for the few years remaining to her.

Susan Barkley Boden has known me all of my life. However, I really didn't become fully aware of her captivating individuality until after the death of her husband. Left without a driver for the



small gray Rambler, Mrs. Boden would call on my father for a ride to and from church. The many trips we made along winding Diddell Road were never a bore. I looked forward to them. Our aboriginal passenger needed only the slightest provocation to narrate some incident from Hudson Valley lore that we IBM transplants absorbed with delight. Her keen mind could recall in accurate detail the events of thirty-five years ago. But she couldn't remember if she had turned off the kitchen faucet fifteen minutes previously.

When Mrs. Boden heard of my growing love for fishing, she clearly recalled the six and seven inch white perch that she and Chase caught in the Hudson upwards of Poughkeepsie, in the vicinity of Staatsburg. My imagination sparkles to life with a clear picture of Mrs. Boden giggling with delight as she hauls in her second catch of the day; and of Chase's inner joy and amusement as he observes his gleeful convert.

Susan Boden was a good listener, too. Good enough to catch hidden meanings when my expanding teen ego exercised itself by casting verbal gibes at my younger sister. "Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!" the snickering widow would exclaim, as she quickly realized my intent. A favorite game was running through the letters of the alphabet, listing adjectives pertaining to each letter.



No generation gap ever existed between Mrs. Boden and the younger set at church. Children and teens alike were in friendly competition to assist her and help care for her needs. It was an honor to carry her worn Bible or black pocketbook, or to bring her a glass of water for her persistent cough. It was more fun yet to see who would win the privilege of escorting her to the car after church. We boys thrived on showing how gallant an attendant we could be. And the object of our affections responded with delight to the male charm being lavished upon her.

I would never call Mrs. Boden a conceited woman, but she is proud of the fact that she earned a Teaching Certificate from New Paltz Normal School, as the State University was then called. This "degree" enabled her to find an outlet for giving motherly love and direction to hundreds of first graders, until age and the School Board put an end to that. Her last years of teaching meant arising at 5:00 a.m. every weekday to obtain a ride from LaGrange to the old Ellsworth School in the city of Poughkeepsie. But she never had an absent or tardy check placed beside her name. Mrs. Boden now derives great satisfaction from reading in the "Poughkeepsie Journal" some of the achievements of those whose careers she helped to nourish in the embryo stage.



You would not expect a person with one shriveled arm and hand to be an artist, but Susan Boden is an exception. Charcoal is one of her favorite media. She was once offered twenty-five dollars for her original charcoal drawing of a "House by the Side of the Road". As a schoolteacher, she enjoyed creating varied art projects for her pupils. The childrens' drawings were revelations of themselves and very important to her.

Mrs. Boden's appreciation for color and beauty in paintings carries over to the flora and fauna surrounding her home. She revels in the progress of the rose of Sharon, syringa, bridal wreath, her rows of peonies, Chase's rose garden.

During the winter months, Mrs. Boden does not leave her home for any reason. She realizes her physical limitations all too well, and being level-headed and sensible, does not wish to risk a fall on ice or snow. She feels TV is too extravagant a luxury so radio brings her the daily news. Her real pipeline to the outside world is the telephone. No one I know has a hotline as red hot as Susan Barkley Boden's. It almost always takes two or three tries to make a connection with 454-6029. Her phone acts as her hands and feet in caring for others. Many home visits are made by this shut-in via her phone. Completely oblivious to her own needs, Mrs. Boden expends her energy to help the sick, the lonely, the depressed. Several years ago she did not



rest until she had finally contacted the right person who could spearhead a drive among the members of the Retired Policeman's Benevolent Association to which her husband had belonged. If the organization would raise one hundred dollars to help send deaf Gary Cerniglia to the Olympics, she would match their contribution. Her determined efforts took hours of telephoning, but she would not give up until she had achieved the results she set out to get.

An ardent member of the Waterman Bird Club, she derives her greatest joy from living close to and observing her Creator's handiwork. Pheasants, rose-breasted grosbeaks, playful chickadees, and hand-fed squirrels are all the lessees of her property. They receive free room and board from the landlady who finds it fascinating to study their ways of life. After all, the purchase of sunflower seeds and suet is a small investment for the privilege of having daily window-sill visits from cardinals, orioles, and morning doves.

There are many people, I imagine, who would think it foolish to make butter and jelly sandwiches for raccoons. Not Mrs. Boden. She delights in preparing home-made snacks for her animal friends who picnic on her wide porch. Some of the bushytails are now tame enough to eat their goodies from Susan Boden's hand.

Her strong personal attachment to every one of God's creatures caused her to cringe when she learned that several men from the church were going on a deer hunting trip to the Catskills. When the group returned deerless, the pastor was heard to say, "We didn't stand a chance. Mrs. Boden was home praying for the deer."

Like the Apostle Paul, whose writings she enjoys, Mrs. Boden has learned ".... in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content". For Susan Boden many times that state has meant carrying all her water from the only source of supply (an outside cistern) and wearing a coat indoors because the ancient heating system was keeping the room temperature at sixty-two. But she knows no self-pity. To feel sorry for herself would be the unpardonable sin. Her indomitable spirit keeps her going.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Kenneth Constantine". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large, sweeping flourish on the left side.

Breaking The Binding

Trying desperately to maneuver my car from the clutches of the Southeast Expressway, and then weaving to and fro on a life size kiddy car track laced with red, yellow and green traffic lights every forty feet - known to the true Sunday pleasure driver as the Parkway, I come to within minutes of leaving this area of asphalt hari-kari, a place where the people, surroundings and the atmosphere fuse together to complete the unity and togetherness of Eastern Nazarene College.

Pondering lazily through the many volumes of new people I've met, I visualize the college to be a vast encyclopedia of other people, their thoughts and their reactions to others. Turning each page it is possible to observe the bold print of someone's character. Their names, where they come from, why they are here, and what they are looking for are the factors that make ENC's students a challenge for their peers.

Some of them haven't had their bindings broken, others are gathering dust due to lack of interest and still others are flexible due to their use and exposure to the elements of campus life. As albatross is logued in a dictionary, so are people logued to the bindings and the tight wrapping of Eastern Nazarene College.

The college steps out to greet you and offers an endless realm of knowledge and education in the atmosphere of a close knit Christian community. I have found that you must accept everyone at ENC as a single individual and make an attempt to be unique and open-minded in your communication. This is a definite wave length on which every ENCer has a hold of and each person will be different in the respect of how they adjust to their wave length. An attempt has been made to tie a spiritual bond of completeness to all. I don't think however that this bond is at all complete, and, due to outside influences,



student morals and their beliefs, there is a confrontation with the laws of the college. The bold print of their past character is smudged with the lectures of restrictions, and many minds are set into a stage of semi-consciousness; a sort of intergalactic badminton game; bouncing up and down, waiting to get low enough to the ground so that you'll be hit back up into the air with another rule.

ENC has many volumes; some untouched - others have to be replaced due to a broken binding.

Mark Tuori



Dear Lord,

When I am alone and think no one in the world understands me, I am drawn to the Chapel. God- I know You're everywhere inside that Chapel and out but, Lord, somehow you fill that room and speak to me there in a very special way. In the front behind the pulpit there are three windows, Faith, Love and Hope.

Lord- today I needed hope. Hope in my studies, and hope within myself. In the window there is a picture of a plant. It's very much like a palm tree. The tree is yellow-green in color and seems to grow from the inside out. The branches reach up to You...

Lord, when I think there's no hope for me, teach me to reach up to You.

Help me to grow from the inside out... Amen.

Jane E. MacPherson

A Time
to
SHARE





Portrayal of a Modern Day Minister

Since the ordained minister "must be all things to all men," so is this minister of the modern-day. He is well educated, holds a college degree, and had training in business administration as well as in theology. His spirit, consecration and attitude toward mankind is that of the Good Shepherd. Through the Word of God he feeds his flock spiritually and provides physical means of food and warmth for the poor. This shepherd cares for the needy, the sick, the handicapped, and the forgotten people who no longer are in the mainstream of life. Inasmuch as the shepherd is protective of his flock, so this minister is of his people. His optimism is an oasis in the desert to the depressed and down-trodden. He is well poised, and his appearance is immaculate. He walks with dignity and the self-assurance that he is in the center of the will of God. With God first, others second, and himself last, he lives by the golden rule everyday. From God's Word

he preaches the unshakable truths and standards of
holy living, yet he never expects more out of his
people than he lives himself. He lives by his motto:
"To serve this present age, my calling to fulfill, oh
may it all my powers engage, to do my Master's
will."

Catherine Ingland

A tribute to my father who I love very much...
I wrote this when I finally understood his call
and devotion to the God I now serve and give of
my best.

A Comparison of High School to College

The transition from high school to college is one of the major steps in the life of an individual. In comparing these two institutions, it is only natural that the differences outweigh the similarities.

For the first time in his life, the college freshman is on his own. Assuming the student lives on campus and is a long distance away from his home, he is no longer completely dependent upon his parents. He must begin to provide for his own personal needs and develop his own life pattern.

The high school student living at home still relies strongly on his parents. He has a few advantages (probably taken for granted) over the college student living in the dormitory. One of these is opening the drawer in the bureau and always finding clean underwear.

This is not always the case when referring to the male college student. The high school student also depends on his parents in another deeper sense; for values such as judgment and discipline. His parents are there to help him decide whether something is right or wrong or to encourage him in his studies. The college student must learn to rely on himself in these matters.

The work required by the college professor is more demanding than that of a high school teacher. A college student will have more reading, more written papers, and more extra projects assigned to him. Whereas a chapter a week is the normal of a high school course, a chapter each lecture period is the average requirement for most college courses.

Classes (lectures) in college are usually eighty minutes in length and follow a definite schedule mapped out for the student on a syllabus. The professor meets two or three

times a week with his class. In high school, class periods are approximately forty minutes and are held every day. The high school teacher has more of a lee-way to adjust his lesson plan from day to day.

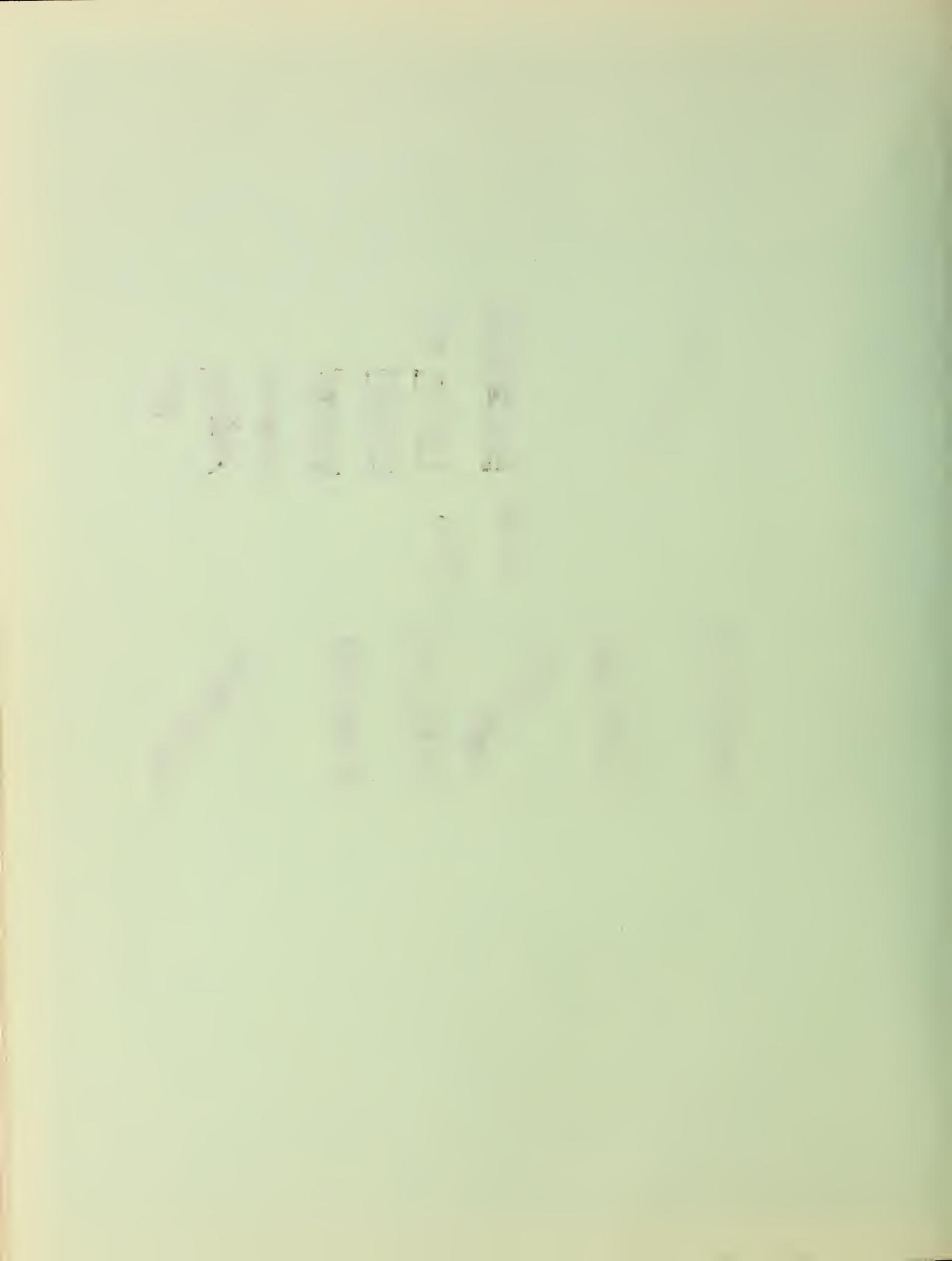
A high school student sometimes carries five or six major subjects a semester in addition to the required courses, such as physical education. Almost his entire day, which consists of seven or eight class periods with a half-hour break for lunch, is spent in the classroom. The average college student carries four courses a semester. This allows him for a more concentrated type of study in each of his courses. He will spend, on the average, three hours in classes per day. The remainder of the day is his.

On the campus, the student comes in close contact with people every day. His classmates are also his neighbors and sometimes his roommates. The students not only go to school together they live together. In high school, the students

are from a certain geographical area. (Most of them live in the same city.) However, there are students from all parts of the country who live on the campus. The college student meets new personalities and new life styles. It is an extremely interesting life for the on-campus student.

Richard Simons

A Time
to
LISTEN





Autumn

Don't you love autumn
When the leaves come tumbling down,
Where they fall in billowy carpets
For the wind to toss around?

The air feels cleaner, calmer,
As the sounds float o'er the hill...
Of the gathering of the harvest
As the barns and cellars fill.

It seems that in autumn
The aroma of burning leaves
Just fill our hearts with gladness
While we're bringing in the sheaves.

And the smell of spicy cooking
Of applebutter, jams, and jell...
And all those pickles mother makes,
And preserves we love so well.

Autumn is: "the summer gone"
And "winter on its way,"
And all those cheery autumn shades
Can't help but make us gay.

I love the Indian summer
With its flaming painted sky...
Like an artist at his canvas,
With a thousand pots of dye.

It seems that in the autumn
Nature folds her work for rest:
And gathers up her children...
And holds them to her breast.

Debbie Yandiver

Yours

Time...time. There is so little time and so much to do. That is what I tell myself at least once a day. When I stop to think, reflect on what I've accomplished that day, I usually discover that I've spent all my time doing nothing worthwhile. How often do I find time to give a word of encouragement to a disheartened friend? Do I know someone better today than I did yesterday? Did I make one person smile today? What good is living, going through the motions of living, without growing day by day in love and understanding and patience?

I want so much to be the kind of person who brightens the lives of all those he encounters. Instead, I build walls around myself.

I want to reach out, but I'm afraid of being hurt. In me there is a great struggle. Is the joy of love and friendship worth the possibility of being hurt? Yes, I'm sure it is, but yet... I'm afraid.

Time goes on, quickly passing by. I must hurry; I must try now; I must give now; or time will rush by me and I will no longer be.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "JoAnn Danner". The signature is fluid and elegant, with the first name starting with a large "J" and the last name ending with a "r".

Dream On

Sometimes I lay awake in my bed at night
and dream. Before me I see lovers running
through meadows aglow with sunshine, water-
falls tumbling into gurgling brooks, rainbows
caressing the dewdripped sky, nightingales
singing and daisies tilting their heads in a
gentle spring breeze. In my mind is a
beautiful Utopia. It's where there is harmony
among all men and all nature. Peace and
love are all that's known; pain and fear are
nonexistent. This is my escape world. This is
where I go when I can't face life anymore,
when all its sorrows, burdens, complexities,
and injustices are too much to bear. I cry.

I cry because I don't understand. I don't understand why things must be as they are. Why do people enjoy hurting others? Why must they feel obligated to wear masks? Why can't we be truthful with each other? Why, oh, why can't I be myself without fearing what anyone thinks of me?

Harsh words echo through the hall and slip under my door. A tear slides down my cheek. Escape. Forget. Run away. Again, into my dream world I fly.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Jeanne Warner".

A Guitar In Its Corner

A guitar in its corner and I in mine have something in common. Loneliness hangs like a mist in the air even while fellowship is near. The much desired joy reaches like the rays of the sun through the window and touches only part of the scene for the moment but brings a promise of future light. The guitar is yet in semi-darkness but the hope of being touched shines brightly through the panes. I too am in the shadows but the hope of being touched also shines brightly through the pains.

Potential cries out for development; it begs to be heard; it needs to be heard! Be patient; wait for the skilled hand to initiate that development. Think of the results of being touched by the unskilled hand. Harmony is in danger of becoming dischord. Dischord is unpleasant to the ear and potential is overshadowed by the distasteful noise. The unskilled hand causes the beauty of the instrument to go unnoticed. The harsh tones are heard and that is all. Yet, beneath the harsh tones potential beauty lies stagnant; exquisite beauty still exists. It is only waiting to be summoned to the exterior

by the skilled hand.

The rays of sun begin to slowly but systematically shift their angles of entrance into the shady room. Is it time for the skilled hand to come and play a familiar song? Is it time for the skilled hand to play a new song? Be patient; premature expectation causes pain and dischord. Remember how the unskilled hand departed without leaving any real satisfaction. Potential, although bursting within, contains itself and only whispers to be heard. Be patient; wait for the skilled hand to initiate that development.

The streaming light now falls upon the face of the guitar. Warmth surrounds the wood and steel. The skilled hand arrives and lovingly caresses the strings with a floating melody. Expertly, the skilled hand plays a snatch of a familiar song and follows that with a song that is very unfamiliar. Both are beautiful but the assimilation of the two songs creates a song that is even more beautiful than either one of the melodies in themselves.

Joy shines through but is now coupled with wisdom. The skilled hand gently strums that joyful tune on the steel strings of the instrument. I, like that instrument, patiently wait for the skilled hand to play a joyful tune within me.

Nancy L. Chambellan

It comes down in a cloudy white mist,
This fog that I love,
And enfolds me in itself to make me feel,
I feel eerie and then I feel great,
But most of all I feel me!

It brings my identity out so I know
who I am,
But then suddenly the sun pierces
thru my fog,
And makes me question my thoughts,
Do I feel me, or what's around me?

Debbie Lenhart

I Never Liked to Walk Alone

I never liked to walk alone
or not know what to say.

I never wanted for my own
the hours of ev'ry day.

I never thought I'd always lead
a life of solitude--
'cause many times I'd almost succed
pretending a sociable mood.

But as it is, I can not change
to have a merry time,
And others' lives I can't rearrange
to fit in with mine.

So when I go to my eternal rest
I'll have had my share of loneliness.

Valerie Russo

Fog

The sky begins to darken

The silent fog rolls in.

I don't know where I'm going

I can't see where I've been.

The people once beside me

all have disappeared

leaving me alone with

the thing that I most fear.

What could be more soothing

than softly blowing mist?

Oh, such a clever camouflage

of nature's evilness.

The concealment of reality

makes my blood run fast -

My bones are chilled with terror

How long will it last?

I can not bear to be submerged

in a sinister haze.

I shan't remain like a mouse

running blindly in a maze.

It can not last forever.

Soon the sun must rise
destroying false illusions
of life before my eyes.

Valerie Russo

The Stuffed Silk Heart

On Christmas morning, beneath the tree
there lay a package just for me
Inside the box of red and gold
was a stuffed silk heart for me to behold.
It was, indeed, a work of art
and from other gifts I set apart.
I placed it in the closet which held all my clothes
so I could look at it whenever I chose.
One day I remembered I had left it somewhere
and searched my closet, but it was not there.

On the next Christmas morning, beneath the tree
there lay a package just for me.
Inside the box of red and gold
was a stuffed silk heart for me to behold
It was, indeed, a work of art
and from other gifts I set apart.
I locked it in the closet which held all my clothes
so I could look at it whenever I chose

One day I remembered I had left it somewhere
and searched my closet, but it was not there.

On the third Christmas morning, beneath the tree
there lay a package just for me.

Inside the box of red and gold
was a stuffed silk heart for me to behold.

It was, indeed, a work of art
and from other gifts I set apart.

I didn't want to lose it again
so I decided to give it to a friend.

Although I finally gave it away
I have never been without it since that day.

Valerie Russo

I sat motionless on the sands of the beach,
Watching the foams of the sea
Engulf my curled toes.

The seagulls were soaring
High above me, like hawks,
Surveying the land for prey.

One glided slowly down beside me
As if to question my being there.

Soon after he landed, two, then three,
Then many more landed around me
As if to circle me from danger.

I stood up slowly to my feet and
Walked through the massive cluster

I wandered to another spot,
It was there, that I rested my flesh.

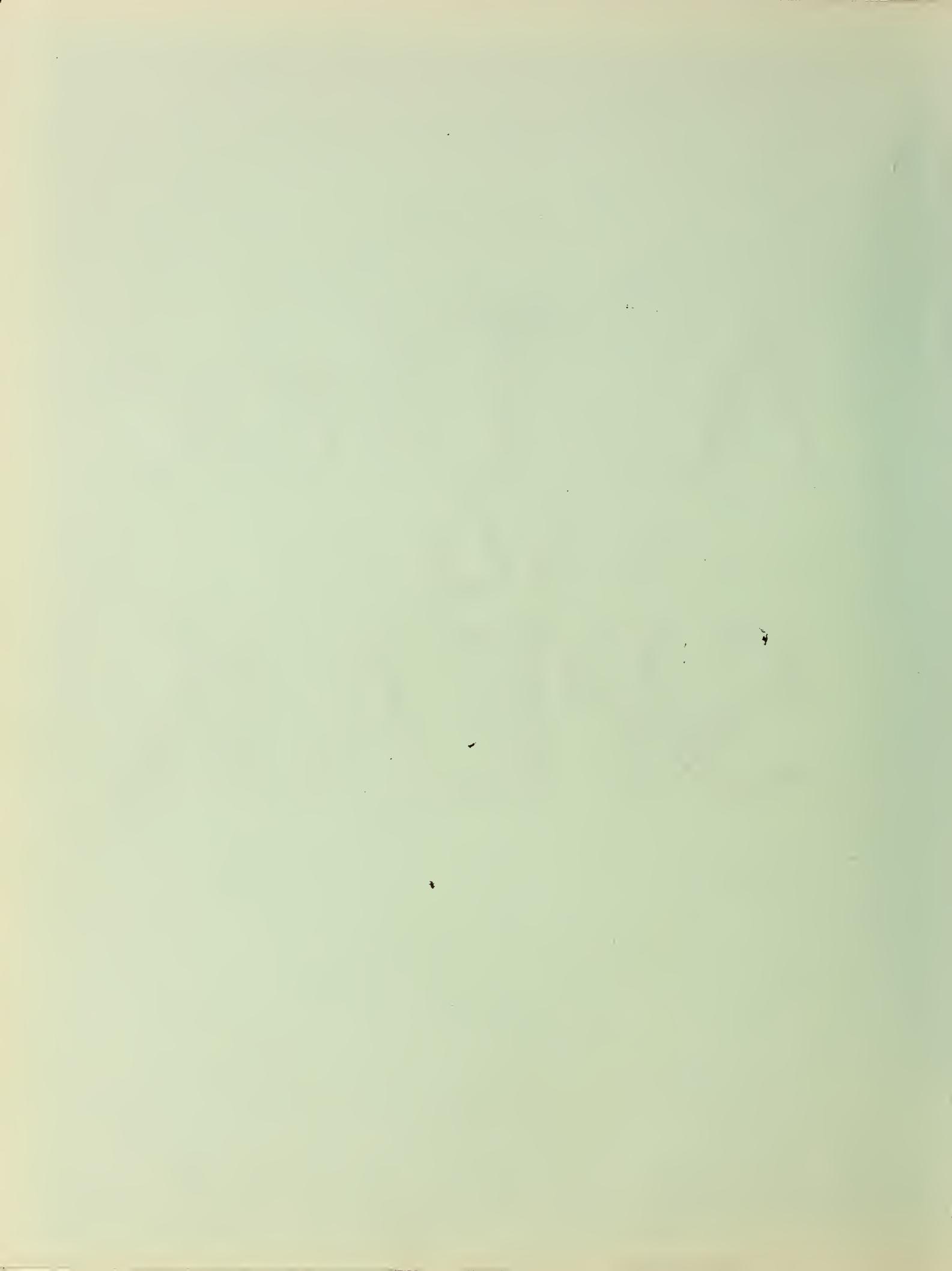
Once again the birds gathered around me,
As if I was going to preach a message.

I started to speak and they quickly flew
to the water. I have frightened them away.
I crossed my legs and started to draw pictures
In the sand.
A violent rushing sound occurred ... they came back.
Will the birds
Always ...
Come...
Back?

Debbie Beckelman



A Time
to
SPEAK





Essay On Mandatory Chapel

The question we are considering is whether or not chapel attendance should be mandatory for all students. Reasons for compulsory attendance such as the college's reliance upon the Church of the Nazarene for financial support have already been given. That reason may be valid, but it is also very shallow. I would like to take a deeper look at some of the problems and purposes of chapel services.

I believe that real spiritual benefit can be, and is, received in chapel. I, and most of my closest friends, as well as others not so close, have expressed to one another many times receiving inspiration and enlightenment through the message of a chapel speaker. We have been able to learn more about some of our professors than we ever could have in class, and President Parrot has shared with us many practical truths for campus life. Indeed, the sharing itself has done a great deal for campus relationships.

I have heard several objections to chapel. The first does not deal with compulsory chapel per se, but it raises a problem which I feel can be profitably dealt with here. It is that some chapel services have not been worthwhile. This cannot be used against mandatory chapel for, to borrow from William Hordern in his Introduction to A Layman's Guide to Protestant Theology, the answer to poor chapels must be good chapels, not no (or non-compulsory) chapels. But the statement is true, at least in one sense: some chapel services have had no explicit spiritual value. Yet, if we think a little more deeply, we realize that it is good for the entire student body to be together for a short period of time, to be able to listen and laugh together. If we are not pleased with such services, we ought to give suggestions for consideration to those who are responsible for chapel planning, and to criticize constructively those which we feel are not up to par.

The second objection does deal with mandatory chapel. Many students do homework or sleep during services. These students are usually either antagonistic or indifferent to what is being presented and, it is argued, continuance of compulsory attendance only increases resentment toward and rejection of spiritual things. This seems to me to be true in some degree. But is a discontinuance of required chapel the best solution?

Could not we who consistently derive benefit from chapel services pray more for the speakers, that they might be used as much as possible by the Holy Spirit? Could not we pray more for our fellow students, that they will be as attentive and as responsive as possible to God and to His way? Could not we pray more for ourselves, that we will be as open as possible to the directives of the Holy Spirit concerning our relationships with those students whom we know need to obey God? I believe we can and that,

if we do, chapel will become an important part of true
revival at ENC.

I see no real reason why arrangements should not
remain as they are, provided each one of us does his
part in making chapel all it can and ought to be.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Sidney Smith".



Protest On Veal

I traveled home the other weekend to find, to my surprise, one of my cousins. He attends some large, radical university in Tennessee, and he visits his relatives occasionally when he thinks he is about due for some homemade cookies or a home-cooked meal. I don't know if he learns anything, but he must be having the time of his life. He said that, the week before, they had painted the cafeteria pink with green slanted stripes, locked the president in his office, and barricaded the kitchen so that the cooks could not get in. We weren't sure what started it all, though he did say something about eating cold veal cutlet two days in a row, so maybe that's what caused the discontent.

This cousin is eccentric and ludicrous. His parents gave him everything that he ever wanted. He never had to work during the school year because his father didn't want anything interfering with his grades, and in the summer his mother thought



Figure 1. The relationship between the number of clusters (k) and the number of observations (n).

The fitted curves in Figure 1 are plotted in Figure 2 for $n = 10^2, 10^3, 10^4$.

he should relax in the sunshine and breathe plenty of fresh air. When there was a decision to be made in the family, they'd hold a family council and vote on the issue at hand. And that is why they had to drive halfway across the country once and spend their vacation in the wilderness of Maine, because the kids outvoted their parents.

Maybe our college isn't great, and I suppose I have some of the same gripes as the rest of the students. There are things about the courses I don't like and things about the food I don't like, and I'm sure that I would object to cold veal cutlet two days in a row.

But somehow, the knowledge that this is my only chance to produce in college causes me to pause. Somehow, just knowing that I worked three nights a week and summers through high school to help pay college expenses leads me to think twice before locking the president in his office. Somehow, knowing that I couldn't fall back on my father's payroll if I did not



Fig. 1. Average degree vs. number of nodes for the network of Fig. 2. The data points are obtained by averaging over 100 realizations.

make good deters me from barricading the kitchen. Somehow, knowing that if I were sent home, my mother would serve me cold greasy veal cutlets everyday for a couple of months stops all thoughts of painting the cafeteria pink and green.

I guess a family and environmental background makes all the difference; but somehow I figure I must succeed in college, whatever the rules, because once I graduate to the big, cruel world, the only person that will be locked up if I try something like that is me.

Marty Sainsbury

Wollaston Beach

My wife and I spent the last Sunday afternoon of September at Wollaston Beach. It was a usual autumn day. The sun was shining brightly and the air was very chilly. My wife spent the time sleeping beside me, protected from the cold, in a warm, soft blanket, while I, on the other hand, experienced something truly beautiful. Who knows for sure though? She has been there a hundred times before and she has repeatedly told me it doesn't look any better any day of the year. She was contented.

As I lie on the soothing white sand, inhaling the fresh sea air, I look across Quincy Bay and see silver planes disappearing in the distance. They are cutting across the sky from four different directions and they are landing almost every minute. Boston's skyscrapers are clutching the clear blue atmosphere. To my right is a large bridge connecting two islands. Not so far away are

small boats anchored near the yacht clubs, rocking with the breeze.

Suddenly I am startled by two small children -- caught in the joy of having fun -- who run by kicking sand in the air, yelling, "Help, help, I'm falling off a cliff!" Still looking ground level I notice numerous horseshoe crabs lying on the shore. I don't know if they're dead or not. I don't see them move. Maybe they're resting in the sunshine, or maybe they're just waiting for the tide to come in again. They seem to mind their own business.

White birds glide above the water, sometimes landing, sometimes not. I think they're seagulls- most of them anyway. I look again but I'm still not sure. A speedboat, followed by parallel cascades, goes by and the winged creatures vanish.

A daring woman slowly wades out into the water. How cold it actually is is revealed by the severe look upon her face. She gulps but steps out farther. I see a jogger. His hair is blowing in the wind; sweat is dripping

off his chin. He is smiling. In only a matter of minutes he turns into a small speck some distance away then disappears. A young couple is tossing a football behind me. Every time the girl throws the ball it wobbles end-over-end, falling short of her boyfriend's grasp. He has very little coordination.

Late in the afternoon I chose the comfortable heaven which my wife is enjoying. Soon I am awakened by loud noises of traffic I hadn't heard until now. Peeping out from beneath the blanket makes everything look hazy. I observe a dreadful change though. The tide is out. The ocean floor is ugly. Green patches of seaweed spot the mucky bottom. Two cement walls, covered with barnacles, stretch out to sea. They are storm drains. They look more like sewer outlets to me. The air stinks. Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Some kid steps on every crab in front of me. I can't quite believe what I am seeing. Litter and broken glass cover the beach. The same airplanes are polluting the air. A tired jogger passes by with a sad look on his face.

We leave. Backing the car out onto the highway I am stunned by a sign which reads: POSSESSION OR DRINKING OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES FORBIDDEN, \$50 FINE.

Jim McFarland

"Because I Said So"

Teenager: Good morning, Dad.
Father: What time did you get in last night?
Teenager: About 12:30, why?
Father: You will be in this house no later than 11:00 from now on.
Teenager: Why? I'm nineteen years old and-
Father: Because I said so, that's why.

The above dialogue is a perfect example of the correct usage of the all purpose statement, "Because I said so". This statement has been the mainstay of adults all over the world for countless ages. There are also countless uses for the B.I.S.S. statement. However it is usually used after the question, "Why". For example, "Can I use the car tonight?" "No." "Why"? Because I said so.

There is usually some valid reasoning behind the first "no", or behind the law that has been set down, but there is really no reason to inform the inquisitive teen of such a reason. He should just accept your judgment as just and leave it at that.

B.I.S.S. is also a time and thought saving expression. It's so much easier than "your mother and I worry about you and would like you to be in early so we won't worry as much".

Think of all that wasted time and thought.

It's so much simpler to say, "Because I said so".

You don't need to express your love and concern for the teenagers well being. He already knows that, and if he doesn't there must be something wrong with him. Why waste time thinking out silly complicated reasons for rules and regulations you know are good ones?

Everyone knows teens aren't capable of major decision making.

Why if you gave your teenager a reason for your rule, you would in fact be recognizing their ability to do so. That would be dreadful.

The B.I.S.S. statement is also a boost to the adult ego. Lord knows in these times we all need a little ego boost, and what better way than to assert your authority over your loving daughter or son. Let us say one day you decide you don't like your son's attitude. What can you do about it? First, wait for an opportune moment, "Do I have to be in at eleven again tonight"? Don't waste any time - you have your opening. "Yes, you do, and by the way, I don't like your attitude around here recently, so you had better make that 10:00!" "Why"? "Because I said so, that's why." Not only will your ego be boosted considerably, but you will have once again proved your superiority and authority.

I envy you adults. It must be great to see your son rush out of the house in a rage, unable to change your rule, or see your daughter rush up to her room in tears because you've spoiled the date she's been waiting for for months. What power!

"Because I said so" is also a very effective coverup for those rules you know very well need to be laid down, but you just can't think of the reason why.

For example, your son wants to use the car. You don't want him to use it. You don't know why you don't want him to use it. You just know you don't want him to use it.

When you tell him no, he will undoubtedly ask why.

"Because I said so, that's why".

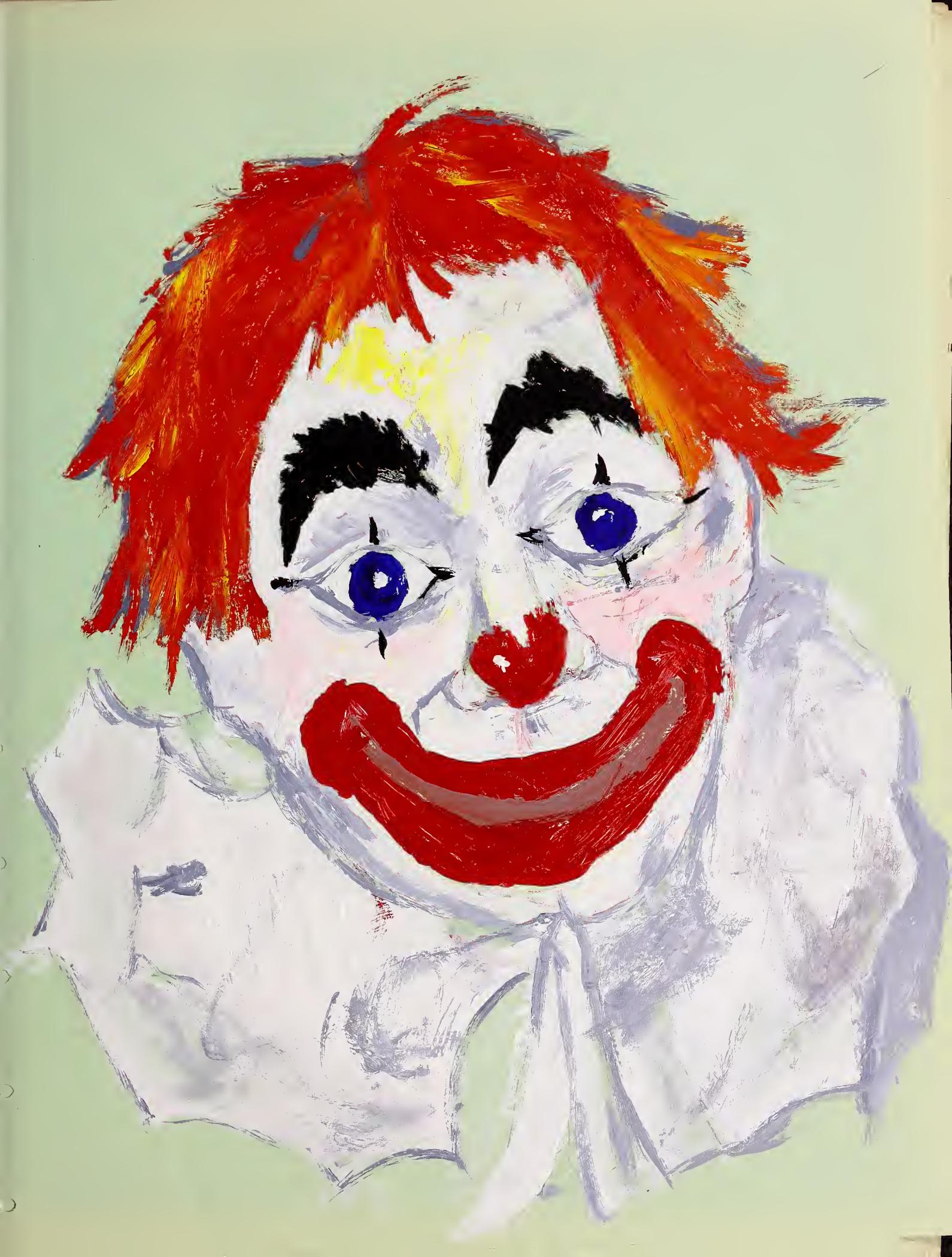
I often wondered why the President didn't say that to Mr. Cox when he continually hounded him for those tapes.

Finally, I would like to thank the parent who centuries ago first told his rebellious son or daughter, "Because I said so that's why". The world will be eternally grateful to you, sir, whoever you are.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Richard J. Messana". The signature is fluid and personal, with distinct loops and flourishes.

A Time
to
LAUGH





The Physicist was quite absurd;
He had the appetite of a bird
Since seldom took he time to eat
A piece of bread or slice of meat;
And though his landlord charged him rent
For the most part his time was spent
In his lab trying to perfect
All the flaws of his latest project.

It is said he graduated summa cum laude
But all his classmates thought it odd
That when he stepped up to receive his degree
Everyone asked, "Who is he?"

Our topic turned to Vietnam
But he could only explain the bomb
Though not the value of human life
Or why the world has endless strife.

There was one Unemployed on our trip
Who had a swollen lower lip

And though his checks weren't quite enough
They did suffice to buy his snuff.

His years at Wollaston numbered only one
But in that short time he had lots of fun
Skipping classes and sleeping late
And acting as if it were his fate
To be abused by that vicious curve
Which was quite haughty to think it had the nerve
To tell him again that he had not passed,
That once again on the scale he was last.

From his shape it was plain to see
That little time was spent in the library;
But most of his evenings he sat in a pub
Or in front of the T.V. with a Santoro's sub.

One made the trip, the circus he'd joined;
He came along with a phrase he had coined,
"To some of us, God gave brains;
But in my body it is brawn that reigns."

He told me at college he lacked the finesse
To play with the Varsity but that he was best



At Society Sports where all skill decreases,
But each society player simply his hostility releases.
Most men wear suits, a woman, a skirt,
But this one to church wore a sleeveless shirt
That didn't nearly come down to his waist
And his pants were so tight as to be in poor taste.
Never before did I happen to see
A person who was quite as vain as he.

A Teacher also was returning
To this institute of higher learning
Where four long years she'd toiled hard
And now she was reaping her just reward.
She'd worked her fingers to the bone
And finally paid off her government loan.
Though in college she spent many a day
Studying hard and earning her pay
She still found time to be
A person that all would want to see.
Though when she left she had a great debt
She left an impression that none could forget.

There was one who at twenty-four
Had already become an Ambassador,
And though that seems strange to you or me
His father is president of I T & T.
He came to Eastern but knew very well
That he'd be accepted at Harvard or Yale
Not on account of his intellect
But because he drove a cadillac.
His talk of Europe was such a bore
But he thought everyone wanted more
Because everyone was afraid to offend
And lose this most valuable friend.

A worthy woman from the city of Wrath
Who obviously didn't care a bit about math
But here she was three years of her life
Looking for a man who was looking for a wife.
She wiggled her hips in an enticing way
And thus was offered many walks to the Bay;
Although these trips did little yield
She still worked hard in her chosen field.

Her sole purpose in life was a family
And her second goal was a Mrs. Degree.
Her skimpy clothes made her cold a lot
Though most of the time she kept the guys hot.
When she had to get married her husband was stout,
But within three weeks she'd tired him out.

By this time you should know
All the members who will go
On the pilgrimage to Wollaston.
After our conversation ceased, the door opened
And the church pastor was heard to say,
"My wife and I want you all to stay
In the parsonage for the night
And in the morning when things are right
You all can start your journey
Which will take you back to E.N.C.
And each will tell a tale which I shall ref,
And the teller of the best shall be treated at Happy Chef.

Yes, I'll be the judge, and those who won't obey
Shall pay for the gas used upon the way."

We all agreed and straws were drawn
And the Ambassador picked the shortest one
And in a cheerful style he then began
At once to tell his tale, and thus it ran....

Scott M^c Ginturff -

If Sleep, Perchance To Dream

College life has traditionally been a radical change for the young person fresh out of high school. Since his freshman year in high school, he has been told terrifying tales of "final exams" and all the hours of study required to pass them. To study properly, it is a known fact that an adequate amount of sleep is necessary. Living in a dorm of screaming Bohemians makes this a difficult, if not impossible, task.

Imagine that it's 12:30 A.M. We find our hero settling down to sleep after long hours of study. He is abruptly awakened by a mob of wild Aborigines, returning from a night out. Doors slamming, loud laughter, and inhuman screams fill the once peaceful dorm. It suddenly occurs to "sleeping beauty" that his roommate has not returned, but it's too late. The door bangs open and his roommate sweeps in with a small army of natives, triumphantly announcing that there's a "heck of a good movie on." The T.V. comes on just as Johnny Carson says "Goodnight." He pleadfully protests, "Come on, you guys, I've been studying all night and I'm tired." The warm understanding response brings tears to the sleepy eyes. "SHADDUP!!!"

His body now screams for much rest as John Wayne shoots another Indian. Trying to sleep amid the roar of the roomful of classmates is useless. Counting things like cracks in the ceiling, the spots on the walls, sheep jumping over a

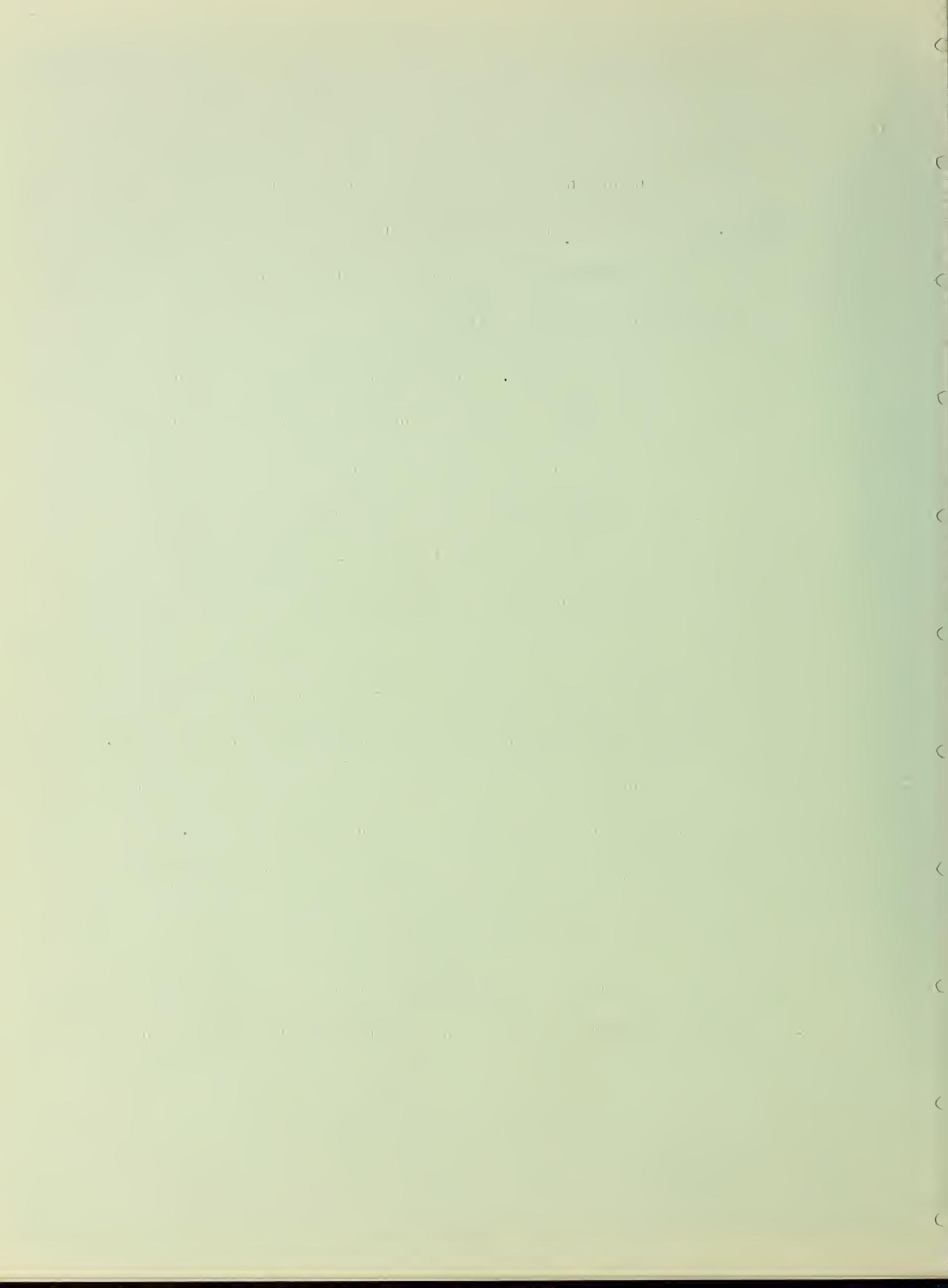
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fence, how many indians bite the dust all prove fruitless in this quest for sleep. Thoughts of stretching his roommate on a rack placed strategically below a flock of vultures drift through his tired mind as Charlie Chan unravels another mysterious murder.

Finally, almost mercifully, Mr. Chan arrests the butler and the station goes off the air. Just as our hero finishes praising the Almighty, his dear roommate proclaims, "Hey, have you guys heard my new Black Sabbath album yet?" Filled with utter disbelief, he hears the vinyl disc drop to the turntable. Loud, hard rock and roll fills the room. He lifts his eyes and hands towards the heavens and cries, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The villianous roommate, having stuck a rather large knife in the back of our hero, begins to slowly twist it. "Hey, I don't have to be up until 11:10 A.M. so be quiet when you get up at 7:00, will ya?" As Black Sabbath rocks on at a very high decibel rate, the lack of sleep begins to catch up to him. He begins to hallucinate, "Is this a dagger I see before me, its' handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee that I mightest slay my roommate." *

His head is swimming and his eyes are red and half closed. In a dream, he sees the tormentors leave the room. Jack the Ripper crawls into bed and he



realizes that a restful, much needed sleep is close at hand. He drifts off into the dream world. His subconscious senses a disturbance, soft, barely audible music. The music is accompanied by an ever loudening buzz. The realization of what is occurring hits like a slap on the face. It's the clock radio. It's seven o'clock!! Our hero drags himself from bed and crawls slowly, painfully to the bathroom. He showers shaves and dresses. Marching bravely to his first class, he begins another uneventful day as a college freshman. Go get 'em, Tiger!!

Richard J. Messana

*with apologies to William Shakespeare



The Wollaston Spies

The Prologue

When October comes, that frosty fellow
Who turns September's leaves to yellow
And tells the fowls to flee away
To yet return a latter day;

When Old North Wind begins to blow
So every creature looks for snow
Which soon will come without a warning
To whiten the earth on some crisp morning,
And stirs creation to a heightened rage
Then do folk long to go on pilgrimage,
And leave their homes and lives upended
To again return to colleges they attended.

Especially from every part of the eastern seaboard's end
Of the United States they to Wollaston, Massachusetts wend
To visit the holy blessed campus, sitting so serene,
To again cross the pious pathways of Eastern Nazarene.

*All characters are imaginary. Any resemblance to real people is purely coincidental.

It so happened that in that season, on that day,
In Pittsburgh at the First Church I stay
Waiting patiently for the service to begin
After which I would start towards Wollaston.

About the moment the choir was to enter
A group of persons moved to the center
Of the sanctuary and I chanced to see
That on all their clothes was embroidered E.N.C.

When "Just As I Am" had finally ended
I hurried over and this group befriended
Who told me quickly that I should know
That to Wollaston they sought to go
Because "Homecoming" was drawing nigh,
The time for the return of every alumni.

It didn't take long for us to decide
That together we all would ride.

Before we start I must describe
The members of this adventurous tribe,

the first time in the history of the world.

It is the first time in the history of the world

that man has been able to do this.

It is the first time in the history of the world

that man has been able to do this.

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that man has been able to do this.

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It is the first time in the history of the world

that man has been able to do this.

It is the first time in the history of the world

that man has been able to do this.

And this I trust shall not be a bother
For there is none just like another.

To give us all a chance to grin
At the Bartender I will begin.

There was a bartender who came along
With a merry heart and boisterous song
Which though the notes were on the scale,
The tune had its origin in a glass of ale;
His smell was as that which pervaded his pub
And it did not diminish after a dip in the tub.

As we talked I gained his favor
And then he told me religion had been his major
When he first came to Quincy Bay,
The days he used to kneel and pray.
It did not take long for him to discover
That he was meant to be a lover
And chase around the wildest women
Which led to all kinds and sorts of sinning.

1. $\{x_i\}_{i=1}^n$ is a sequence of points in \mathbb{R}^d .

2. $\{x_i\}_{i=1}^n$ is a sequence of points in \mathbb{R}^d .

3. $\{x_i\}_{i=1}^n$ is a sequence of points in \mathbb{R}^d .

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20. $\{x_i\}_{i=1}^n$ is a sequence of points in \mathbb{R}^d .

Successful Failure

Failing a class is an art which can be mastered by most college students. Since working towards an "F" requires little time or discipline, and no previous experience, it has become a popular pastime for many college students.

One of the most reliable methods for failing a course is non-attendance. This method calls for little originality of thought, but it is effective and avoids one's meeting of, and hence biasing of, his professor. This procedure also safeguards against the possibility of one's attending a class and discovering, to his great astonishment, that he actually enjoys it.

A second fashion by which one can fail a course is by consistent sleeping in class. This very natural method is most effective when loud snoring accompanies the slumber. Other simple variations include head-



nodding and conspicuous yawning, both of which are dependable at raising any professor's ire. For the more audacious student, there are more intricate stratagems. One plan is to sleep, and then, immediately upon awakening, to raise one's hand and request that the teacher repeat himself. If executed properly, this method will succeed in flustering the instructor and humoring one's classmates. A second scheme is to ask a question of the professor and then quickly slip into a short siesta.

The sleep method is an extremely popular one because:

1. By appearing in class one complies with the rules of attendance established by the academic committee;
2. Sleeping helps resolve the lethargic stupor of the typical college student; 3. Sleeping is readily excusable with such lines as, "I was at an all-night prayer meeting," "I ran out of Geritol," or "I am conducting a study in subconscious learning."



A procedure for flunking that any student can become an expert of effortlessly is that of being repeatedly late. In being tardy, one can demonstrate to his professor and classmates his individuality, in that he will not allow any person, especially a professor, to dictate his whereabouts at a prescribed moment. The student can rationalize to the professor about the reason for his lateness. He can relate that he has decided it is not worth getting an ulcer by rushing to be to class on time and can quote the proverb, "Haste makes waste." Also, by rushing, the student would miss the climax of his class period when he struts flauntily in, one hour late.

Not only should one be late to class, but one should also be certain that no assignment is turned in on time. This is most easily accomplished by waiting until you are in the mood to do an assignment. In this way your work will never be completed on time, if at all.

The means of failing a course which is the most entertaining and requires the most ingenuity is antagonizing the professor. If consummated correctly, this method can be by far the most effective of all. A group of peers sitting together in the classroom situation can make this the ideal method. However, in such a group one must be careful not to just be identified only as "one of the cliche", in which case one might earn only a "D". Rather, one must strive to be the initiator of such a group and, whenever possible, to be the center of attention, upstaging fellow classmates and the professor. Bringing numerous copies of "The Boston Globe," "Mad Magazine," or "Playboy" should suffice to thoroughly thwart even the most good-natured P.H.D.'s attempts to teach a class. An evident imitation of the professor could cause a cool-headed doctorate to lose his self-control.

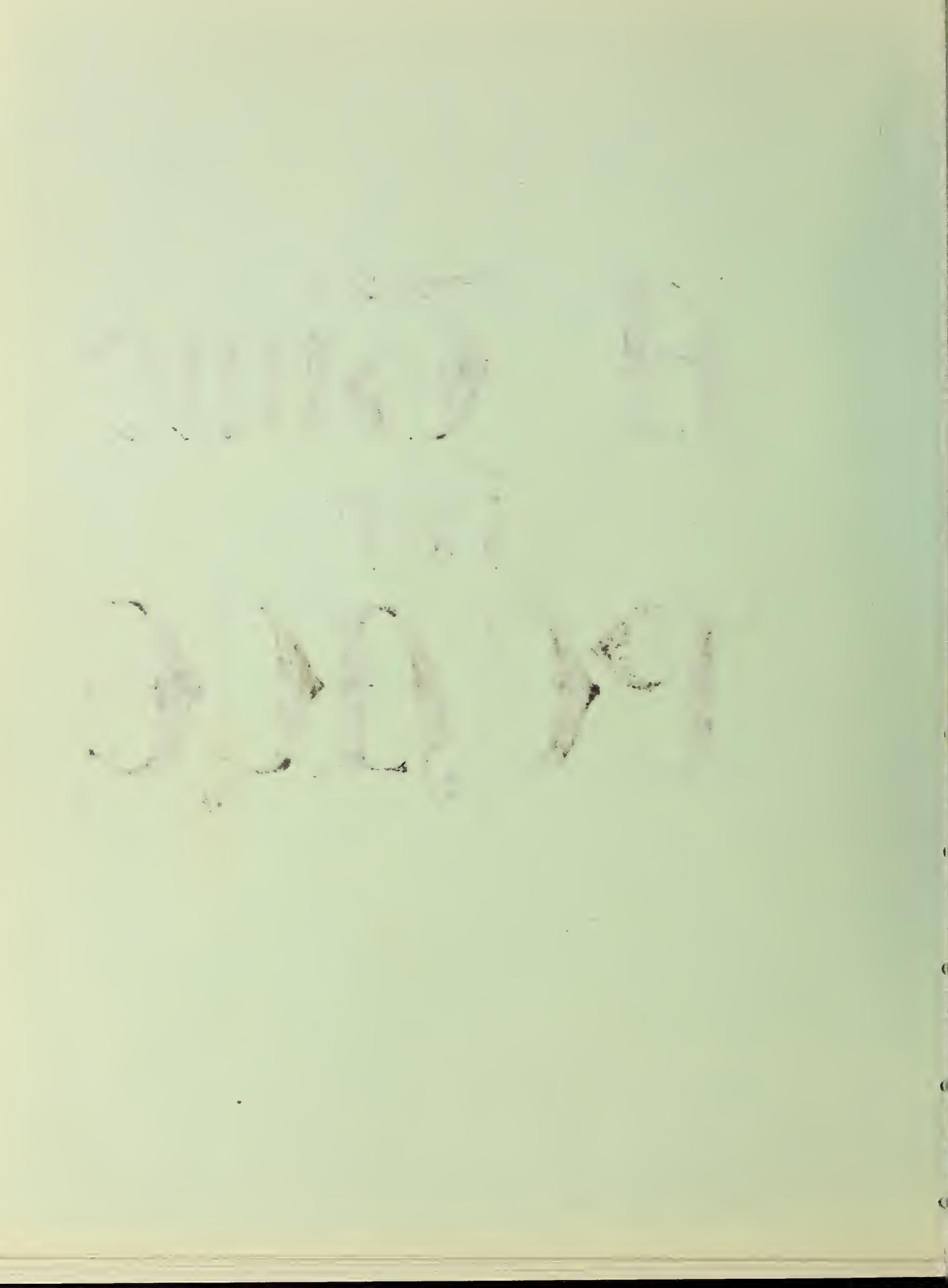
The more introverted student has at his disposal a large barrage of gimmicks to antagonize his instructor. Basket weaving, paper folding, or knitting may prove to be enough of a distraction to cause the professor to charge out of the classroom. For one with artistic talent, an autographed caricature of the professor can easily disrupt the class and antagonize the teacher, especially if each student laughs obnoxiously loud as he sees it. An alert student can ask questions which are suggestive or unanswerable and watch with a sense of satisfaction as the professor stumbles over them. However, one must avoid the pitfall of contemplating too long in making up such questions or one may find his brain getting into a habit of thinking.

Any person can be caught helplessly in the rut of passing a course. However, only a person who is slightly motivated can master the sophisticated art of failing a course.

Scott M. Conturff



A Time
for
PEACE





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A Time For Peace

A time for peace some day we'll find when we can call
each man our brother

And love with all our hearts and understand with all our minds
Some day there'll be a special per - son just for me
Whom I will love 'til the end of time.

A world like a carnival exciting and fun filled:
That is the way it ought to be. --

With ev'ry one hap - py, laugh-ing, forget-ting some of their
problems for a while.

BUT MOST OF ALL,

I want a world where man will lis--ten to others' suffer-ings
and help to bring them some so-lu-tions.

Love, not preju-dice should be the force to guide us.

In God we'll put all our hope and trust.

Come, let us sing a song of friend-ship.

Come, let us sing a song of love and peace,

Let it come into our hearts so we may live in har-mo-ny
at least.

Oh come, let us sing a song of good times.

Come, let us sing farewell to war we'll have no more.

A world like a carnival exciting and fun-filled.

That is the way it ought to be.--

With ev'ry one hap-py, laughing, for-get-ting some of their
problems for a while.

But this I know can never be
'cause men will ne-ver be free of fear and hate
when they're un-sure of their fate.

I hope I'm not right
and that some day
that we just might find peace of mind
before the end of time.

Valerie Russo

A Time to Sing





Lord, Don't You Guide Me?

1. Lord, won't you guide me?
 So the way I'll know.

 Lord, won't you guide me?
 And take away this load.

 Lord, won't you guide me?
 You're the One I need,

 FOR, Only You can know my heart,
 Only You can cleanse each part.
 Only You help me make a new start.

2. Lord, please stay close to me,
 Through troubled times ahead,

 Lord, please stay close to me,
 Let me remember all you've said,

 Lord, please stay close to me,
 In my heart I pray.

Oh, Never let the day dawn that I'd forget
Never let the day come that I'd regret.
Never let the day find me without YOU!

3. Lord, will you lead me?
Lead me, oh please,
Lord, will you lead me,
In your Hands are the keys,
Lord, will you lead me,
Lead me home to YOU.

FOR, Only YOU can know my heart,
Only YOU can cleanse each part,
Only YOU can help me make a new start.

(Go back to verse 1, up to):

You're the One I need,
You're the One I need!!

Sue Marlatt

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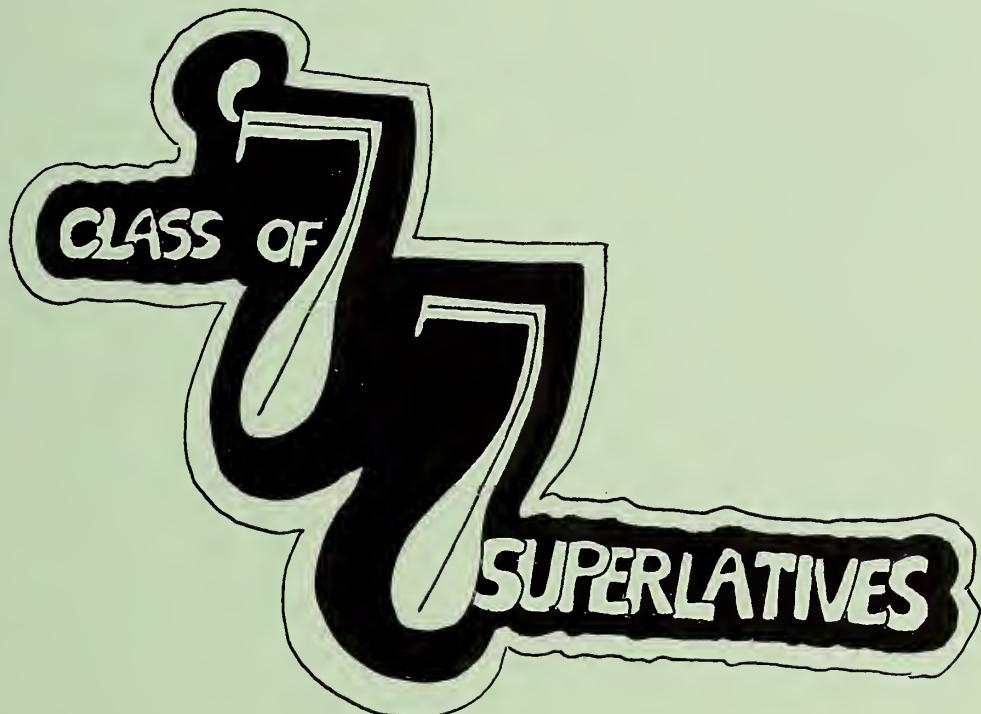
Superlatives

Best Looking	Gloria Terry Jeff Lilja
Best Dressed	Debbie Scott Jeff Lilja
Class Clowns	Debbie Beckelman Bob Evans
Most Likely to Succeed	Brenda Keys Alan Scott
Class Flirts	Debbie Vandiver Barry Purdy
Most Athletic	Gen Beck Gordie Wetmore
Quietest	Tamara Tietze Sidney Smith
Class Sweethearts	Beth Watson Alan Scott
Most Intellectual	Brenda Keys Steven "Barney" Smith
Most Talented	Joy Gantert Ed Johnson
Most Sarcastic	Marion Rinehart Corey Akeley

Friendliest Regina Warner
..... Bob Evans

Most Talkative Debbie Beckelman

Most School Spirit Gen Beck



Freshmen~
Class of '77

CLASS of 1977

BECKY ABBOTT
RONALD AHLQUIST
COREY AKELEY
WAYNE ALLEN
BRYANT ANDERSON
CHRISTINE ANDERSON
DEBORAH ANNIS
ALAMREW ASSEFA
DALE AUSTIN
ENILDO AVILA
WILLIAM BAILEY
JOHN BAKER
KENTON BAKER
DAVID BALL
DEBRA BAUN
RUTH BEAUDRY
GENEVIEVE BECK
DEBRA BECKELMAN
JEAN BERLINGUET
CYNTHIA BERRY
DEBORAH BILLINGS LEA
CYNTHIA BITTERS
DEBRA BLANK
DAVID BOHALL
KENNETH BOWEN
BRUCE BRASWELL
GARY BRENNAN
DEBORAH BROWN
JOHN BROWN
MICHAEL BURDICK
DANIEL CALCATERRA
BRUCE CALE
ROY CALEY
ROBERTA CAMPBELL
CATHERINE CARMICHAEL
NANCY CHAMBELLAN
VALERIE CHAMBERS
CONNIE CHARLES
BEVERLY CHATFIELD
JACQUELINE CLARK
ORAL CLEMENTS
MICHAEL CNOSSEN
RONALD COLE
RONALD CONKLIN
IDAMAE CONNER
KENNETH CONSTANTINE
SHARON CONSTANTINE
DOUGLAS COUSINS
ELLEN COUSINS
CHARLENE COVE
GLEN CRAWFORD
JULIA CRESSWELL
HELEN CRUICKSHANKS
DENNIS CUSHING
SUSAN DARLING
BARBARA DAVIS
DONN DAVIS
GARTH DAVIS
STEVEN DAVIS
BETTY DECASTRO
DONNA DELLORUSSO
JOSEPH DEROBERTS

STEVEN DEZOTELL
JACKSON DILL
ROSEMARIE DOANE
STEPHANIE DOHANIAN
DINA DOODY
DAVID DOUGLAS
SHERRIE DRINKARD
MYRON DUNN
CAROLE DURFEE
CHRISTINE EATON
PAMELA ELAM
MARK EMERY
DEBORAH ENGLAND
PAUL EVANS
PAULA FASSER
LAURA FERREIRA
MARY FERRIS
ANN FINNIE
JAMES FOLEY
DAVIDA FREER
JAMES FRENS
CONNIE FUHRMAN
RICHARD GAMAGE
CAROLYN GANTERT
HARRY GIRTING
EDWARD GOMEZ
DOUGLAS GOODWORTH
LYNETTE GOPAUL
PAUL GRESHAM
KEITH GRISWOLD
DIANE GUNSAULUS
MARGARET HALL
DIANA HAMBY
WILLIAM HARDIN
THOMAS HARVEY
BETH HASKELL
DEBORAH HASTINGS
TIMOTHY HAWK
MAVERET HAYWARD
JOANN HEAVNER
GARY HELFRICH
DAVID HESPELL
REBECCA HILDERBRAND
ALLEN HOUSTON
SHARON HOWARD
KATHLEEN HUGHES
MARK HURD
CATHERINE INGLAND
DEBRA JACKMAN
IRENE JACKSON
RONALD JACKSON
LARRY JOHANSEN
FLOYD JOHN
CHERYL JOHNS
EDWARD JOHNSON
EDWIN JOHNSON
SHARON JOHNSON
SHIRLEY JOHNSON
ALAN JONES
ROBERT JORDAN
KATHLEEN KALISH
LINDA KEIM

LOIS KELVINGTON
BRIAN KERN
BRENDA KEYS
BETHANY KIERSTEAD
MARJORIE KISH
DEBORAH KITCHEN
CHRISTINE KNEPPER
KATHERYN KNOWLES
DAVID KOHR
JOYCE KOHR
NANCY KORNBAU
DELBERT LABELLE
LESTER LACOMBE
DWIGHT LANDERS
RUTH LANE
NANCY LARKIN
GLENN LARSEN
DOUGLAS LAY
DEBORAH LENHART
MICHAEL LEONARD
JEFFREY LILJA
CHERYL LINCOLN
NANCY LINDSTROM
DEBORAH LINSDAY
MICHAEL LORD
FRANKLIN LOWE
TIMOTHY LYNCH
JANE MACPHERSON
TIMOTHY McCLUNG
RALPH McFARLAND
SCOTT MCINTURFF

PRISCILLA McNEELY
APRIL MCNEILL
JEAN MACCHI
PAUL MADTES
PAULA MAGLIOCHETTI
ARTHUR MAGNUSON
BRYAN MARKS
SUSAN MARLATT
PAT MARLOWE
DONNA MARSHALL
JAMES MASON
LEO MAVRELES
ANTHONY MEIDANIS
RICHARD MESSANA
PAULA METCALF
DIANE MIDDLETON
PETER MILLER
PHILIP MILLER
RUTH MILLER
WESLEY MILLER
KATHLEEN MORRELL
MICHAEL MORRILL
SHARON MORSE
PAMELA MURPHY
LINDA MYERS
FRANK NEMETH
JAMES NEILSON
BEVERLY NOLAN
DEAN NOWLAND
DEBRA OLIFF
ROGER ORR

FRANKLIN OSGOOD
DIANA PAIGE
MARK PAULEY
CHARLES PENDLETON
WILLIAM PERRY
DEBRA POST
RICHARD PRAHL
IRVING PRITCHETT
BARRY PURDY
THEODORE RAABE
LUCY RAKER
DONALD REED
MARION RHINEHART
KATHY RHULE
GARY RICKY
STEPHEN RHINES
RONA ROBERTSON
JOHN RODMAN
JOHN ROLER
SHARON ROMEO
RICHARD ROUSE
MICHELLE RUSSO
VALERIE RUSSO
ALI SADEGH
JAMES SAINSBURY
DONALD SALISBURY
NANCY SALISBURY
ELIZABETH SCHMIDT
LORELEI SCHMITT
EDWARD SCHOENLY
ALAN SCOTT
DEBORAH SCOTT
PAUL SHELP
LYNN SHEVEL
THOMAS SHREFFLER
ROBIN SHUCK
NANCY SHUTE
PAMELA SIBBALD
MANUEL SILVA
RICHARD SIMONS
CAROLYN SLUSS
STEPHEN SMITH
SYDNEY SMITH
TERRY SMITH
KENYON SNAVELY
KENNETH STANFORD
JOHN STANLEY
LERAЕ STANTON
KAREN STEELE
LEE STEWART
STEPHEN STILES
LINDA TEAGUE
SANDRA TEAGUE
CONSTANCE TEMM
GLORIA TERRY
DONNA THOMPSON
JOANN THOMPSON
TAMRA TIETZE
GREGORY TITUS
DEBRA TROUP

MARK TUORI
WILLIAM UMBEL
DEBORAH VANDIVER
LOWELL VAUGHAN
STEVEN VIGNEAUX
CAROL VON FRICKEN
STEPHEN WALLACE
REGINA WARNER
RANDY WASHBURN
ELIZABETH WATSON
CARLTON WEST
GORDON WETMORE
SUSAN WHITE
MARK WHITNEY
CAROL WILLIAMS
JUANITA WILLINGHAM
GLENDON WILLS
LOIS WILSON
YVONNE WILSON
APRIL WILTSE
JAMES WOODWARD
DONALD YATES



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